O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SPENCER Earl of NORTHAMPTON.

------*Te noſtræ* VARE, *myricæ,*
Te nemus omne canit. VIRG.

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E

O D E.

I.

BEAR me, ye kind, ye favouring powers!
To Ashby's peaceful calm retreat,
To thoſe bleſt ſcenes and hallowed bowers
Where Elegance hath fixed her ſeat:
Where 'mid arched walks and waving groves
In rural ſtate the Goddeſs roves,
Her flowery veſt looſe floating to the gale;
While, as ſhe treads th' embroidered green,
She forms the ſweetly varied ſcene
Of lake and lawn, ſlope hill, and ſhady dale.

II.

Oft there to meet at duſk of eve,
From every neighbouring dell and glade,
Their favourite haunts the Dryads leave,
And join their tributary aid;
Some on their diſtant hills, withdrawn
Far o'er the wide-extending lawn,
Raiſe 'mid encircling trees the ſpire to view:
Some by the bordering valley's ſide
Teach their ſlow-winding ſtreams to glide,
And clothe their meads with verdure ever new.

III.

O C-----N! formed to *ſhine in courts*,
Or grace the ſtill ſequeſtered dale,
To you the Fairy train reſorts,
To you their beauties they unveil:

Whether the ſwelling dome you raiſe,
Or guide the rivulet's babbling maze
To where the ſheltered lake's expanſe ſerene
On its fair face reflected ſhews
Each tree that waves, each ſhrub that blows
Its banks along, and brightens all the ſcene.

IV.

Enjoy their boon ----Let bigot zeal,
Or mad ambition's jarring ſtrife,
Or faction, feigning public weal,
Ne'er cloud the ſunſhine of your life:
Still let your favourite ſhades impart
Each ſocial bliſs that glads the heart;
No ſickening cares ſhall dare their calm invade;
But ſweet content ſhall harbour there
Conjugal truth, paternal care
By filial love and piety repaid.

V.

Like * the young pine, that gradual rears
Its ſpreading branches to the ſkies,
See ‡ CHARLES improve his ripening years,
And freſh in bloom of virtue riſe:
Her tenderer leaves with ſofter grace
His ſiſter § ſcion ſhoots apace,
In early worth fair opening to the eye:
No vice infects their vernal glow,
Nor taints their bloſſoms as they blow
With art or faſhion's falſe affected dye.

* Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli. HOR.

‡ Lord C-----N.

§ Lady F---Y.

VI.

Proceed ſtill thus, illuſtrious pair!
In heart, in merit joined remain:
Fair ſcions of a ſtem ſo fair!
Proceed, till virtue's height ye gain;
And thou, my CHARLES, in whom we place
The future hopes of all thy race,
Still thus in worth hereditary ſhine;
Still emulate the ſpotleſs fame
That fills the Annals of thy Name,
And match the worthies of thy noble line.

VII.

The patriot chiefs of every age,
Their Country's boaſt---the good and great,
Live in the fair hiſtoric page,
Beyond the leaden graſp of fate:

Still, as the varying periods roll,
Their deathleſs fame inſpires the ſoul
Of lateſt youth to act their virtues o'er:
But moſt their *progeny* they fire;
Heirs to their name, *theſe* moſt aſpire
To ſnatch the wreath their great forefathers wore.

VIII.

And ſay, young Hero of my ſong!
Say, whilſt thine anceſtry we trace,
To whom do fairer deeds belong
Than gild the records of thy race?
Call from their ſhades the warlike dead,
In virtue's cauſe who greatly bled----
In virtue's cauſe who nobler toils ſuſtained?
Call the diſtinguiſhed ſons of peace
That bade deſpotic factions ceaſe,---
Who more the threats of tyranny diſdained?

IX.

A * SPENCER 's thine, whoſe dauntleſs ſoul,
Firm 'mid the ſhock of civil ſtriſe,
Dared proud rebellion's rage controul,
And ſealed his duty with his life:
Behold on Hopton's laureled field,
The loyal chief unknown to yield,
‡ Scorns from the rebels' hands even life to crave.----
Enough, ye traitors! ſpare the dead;
Inſult not thus his hallowed head,
Nor rob his ſacred relics of the grave.

* SPENCER C-----N, Earl of N----MP--N, ſlain at the battle of Hopton-Heath.

‡ This alludes to the gallant anſwer this Nobleman made to his enemies on their offering him quarter——" He ſcorned to owe his life to ſuch baſe traitors and rogues." After his death the rebels refuſed to give his body to his family, and deprived it for a long time of the common rites of burial.

X.

From Banbury's walls, lo! * WILLIAM's ſpear
The ſtorm of war reſiſtleſs guides;
Nor force, nor art, nor famine fear!
His ſtubborn worth their threats derides:
Soon ſhall the gallant deed be crowned;—
Hark! conquering JAMES's trumpets ſound,
His beacon ‡ gleams at hand with vengeful fire:
Thrice happy youth! to whom was given
The pureſt joy beſtowed by heaven,
To ſave a brother, and avenge a ſire.

* WILLIAM C-----N, of Erith, ſecond ſon to the former. After the death of his father he defended Banbury for thirteen weeks againſt the rebel army, repulſed them in ſeveral ſallies, countermined them eleven times, and by his vigilance and example ſo animated his ſoldiers that, though they laboured under all the horrors of famine and diſeaſe, not the leaſt murmur or complaint was heard amongſt them. He was at length relieved by his brother JAMES, then Earl of N----MP--N, who, on his return from a ſucceſsful expedition into Cornwall, defeated the rebels, and raiſed the ſiege.

‡ Alluding to the creſt of the N----MP--N family.

XI.

O fatal days! o'er Albion's wounds
The ſorrowing Muſe reluctant dwells;
My CHARLES, unwilling flow the ſounds,
Whilſt her loved country's woes ſhe tells.
O dire effects of civil rage!
Periſh their memory who engage
In ſtrife unnatural each kindred name;
Whoſe luſt of power compel the good
To ſtain their native fields with blood
* That beſt had flowed the common foe to tame.

XII.

Taught by their crimes let Britons learn
To know the guardians of her laws,
Her genuine patriots to diſcern
From the falſe tribe who *feign* her cauſe;

* Audiet cives acuiſſe ferrum
Quo graves Perſæ melius perirent. HOR.

Whoſe curſt ambition, fond to hide
Their ſelfiſh aims and towering pride,
Aſſumes, fair freedom, thy once ſacred veil;
And proſtitutes thine awful hand
To ſow ſedition o'er the land,
With threats of fancied wrongs, and ſhew of public zeal.

XIII

And thou, my CHARLES, who claimeſt th' award
Thy ſires have won, to hold the ſcales
That poize the ſtate, O learn to guard
The ſacred truſt, whoe'er aſſails:
Watchful alike left raging wide
The reſtleſs democratic tide
Should break its bounds, and rule to diſcord yield;
Or purple tyranny ſhould dare
Its black oppreſſive throne to rear,
Where GEORGE and Liberty the ſceptre wield.

XIV.

Thence turn thine eyes to yon bright train,
With every godlike virtue fraught,
The heroes of ELIZA's reign,
When CECIL planned, and RALEIGH fought:
High in the midſt thy * C-----N ſtands,
And, great in native worth, commands
Each grateful meed his country can beſtow;
Equal in council to maintain
Her cauſe, or o'er th' enſanguined plain,
With firmeſt nerve, to hurl her thunders on the foe.

* WILLIAM C-----N, firſt Earl of N-----MP--N, Knight of the Garter, Preſident of Wales, Lord Lieutenant within the Principality of Wales, and the Counties of Worceſter, Hereford, and Salop, and one of the Privy Council to Queen Elizabeth.

XV.

Nor leſs ſhould they our ardour fire
Whoſe boſoms glow with purer flames,
Who, ſpurning earth's low cares, aſpire
On angel-wings to heavenly aims:
Conqueſts may blazon, titles grace,
Diſtinction, honours, riches, place
May challenge man's imperfect, airy praiſe:
Religion only can impart
Unfading grandeur to the heart,
And to his kindred ſkies the hero raiſe.

XVI.

See to her ſane by wiſdom led,
Thy mitred * HENRY's form appear,
Tho' lowering clouds hang o'er his head
Her riſing beams the gloom ſhall cheer;

* HENRY C-----N, Biſhop of London. During the reign of James II. he ſuffered

Stern perſecution ſhakes in vain
The terrors of a bigot reign,
Unmoved he ſcorns th' inglorious baſe reſtraint;
Bleſt hero! in whoſe breaſt we find
Each tender-manly paſſion joined,
Firm was the *man*, meek modeſt was the *ſaint*.

XVII.

Theſe are thy own----to theſe ſtill turn
A kindling eye, much honoured youth!
Still as thou readeſt thy breaſt ſhall burn
To emulate their worth and truth.
So ſhalt thou reap the glorious meed
Due to each great, each patriot deed,

much for his firm adheſion to the Proteſtant Religion, and was one of the two Biſhops who voted for the vacancy of the throne, and the ſupplying it by the Prince and Princeſs of Orange. Under the ſucceeding reigns of King William and Queen Anne he was held in great honour, and was univerſally admired for his religion and virtue.

And to the ſwelling annals add *thy* name;
So ſhall thy grateful country ſave,
With *theirs*, *thy* memory from the grave
High in the temple of immortal Fame.

FINIS.

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